

## Keep the Chains?

By Lisle Bell.

NEXT to the man who started spas, the most inexcusable individual known to modern civilization is the person who started chain letters. The letters should have been taken away from him and burned, and the chain should have been hung around his neck.

Then the rest of us would have been saved all this trouble.

You know how the thing goes. Someone without a grain of common sense thinks up a cheery motto, or an uplifting thought for the good of humanity—something like "Ain't it warm?" or "How's your appetite?"—and he immediately sends it broadcast.

However, being afraid that his burst of inspiration won't travel far enough on its own momentum, the poor misguided nut puts it in the form of a chain letter, with instructions to this effect:

"Copy this and send it to nine people who ought to know better. This chain was started by a nincompoop with the mentality of a peanut, but don't let that discourage you. It should go three times around the world—because lots of nincompoops have. Do not break the chain, for whoever does will have bad luck. Do this within twenty-four hours, and within nine days you will have good fortune—if someone doesn't find out who did it, and send you a poison lipstick. A Friend."

After receiving one of these atrocities, the first thing to do is to sit down and cuss. If there are no chairs convenient, it is permissible to cuss standing.

Then hold the letter up to the light, and look at the water-mark. This may help you to identify the owner. Then compare the handwriting with that of all your correspondents—also co-correspondents, if any.

You are now ready to continue the chain.

Cross the feet while writing the nine letters, as this has the effect of increasing your luck. Write with a stub-pen on fly-paper. Fold twice, lengthwise, and place in a kettle of boiling water.

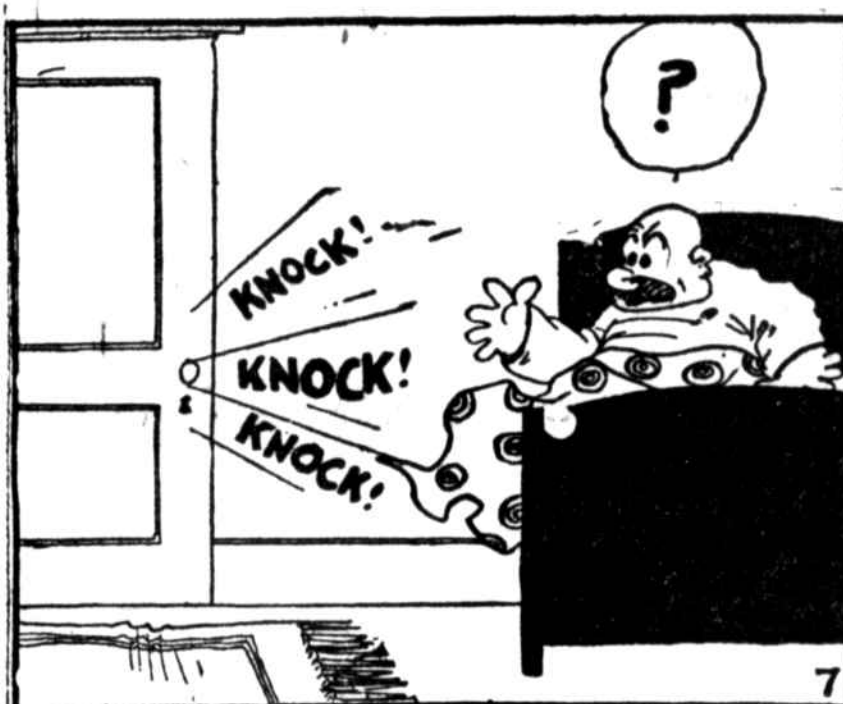
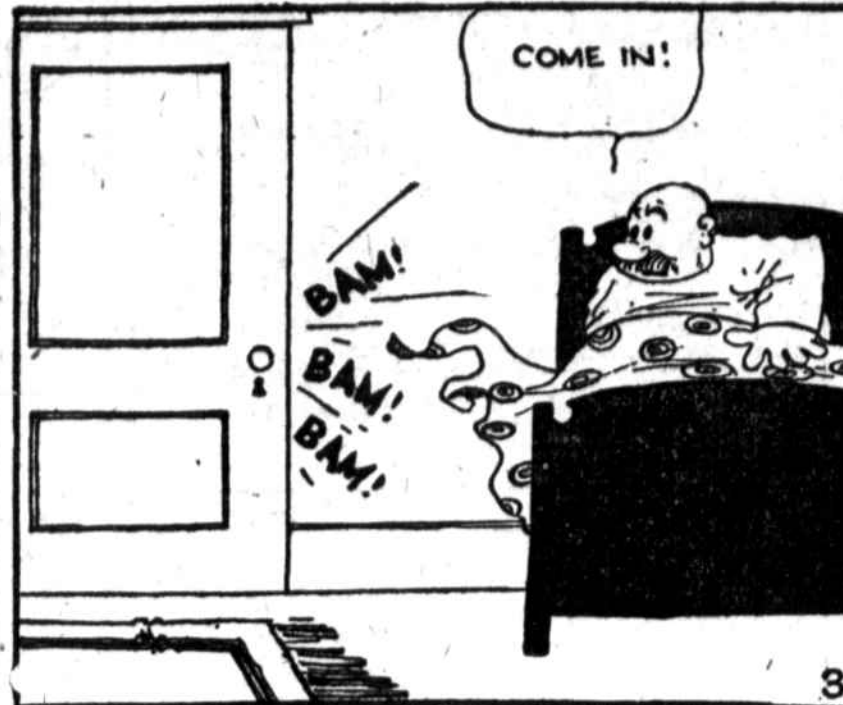
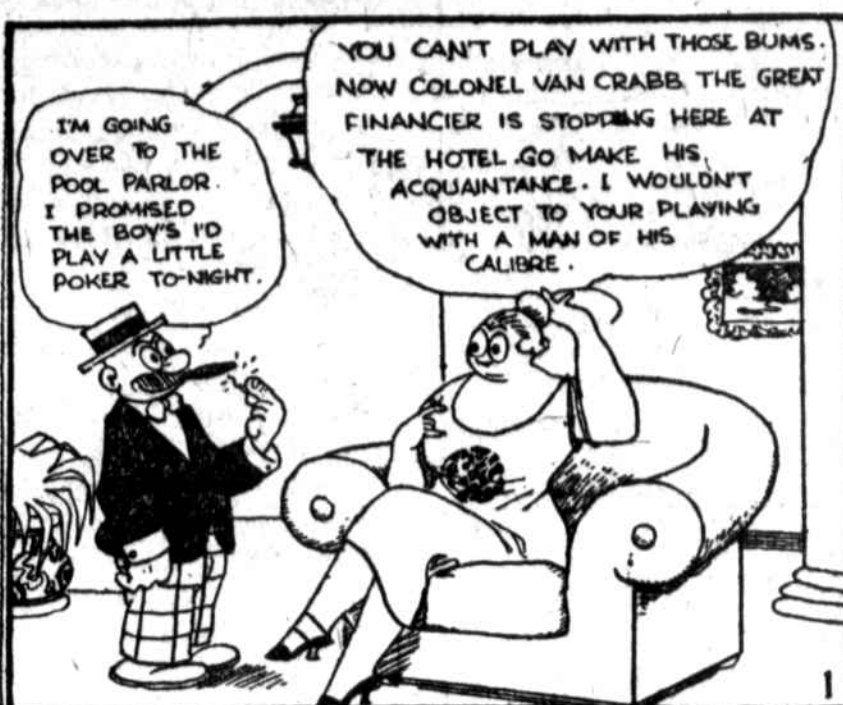
If you can pick up a few rusty pins while engaged in the job, this also may bring you good luck, if you don't scratch yourself and get lockjaw.

At the end of twenty-three hours dump your nine letters into the nearest sewer. It's the only sensible way not to break the chain.

## Eddie's Friends

## A Misplaced Apology

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## Heard Along Broadway

Cutting!

THE landlord of the Green Jug had a weakness for running "raffes." Bill Blonks had taken part in all of them, but always discovered that the prize had been won by some member of the landlord's family.

One morning Bill walked in and the landlord produced another bunch of tickets.

"Here you are, Bill," he exclaimed. "Only a quarter a ticket, and the prize is a handsome violin!"

"That's funny!" commented Bill Blonks.

"What's funny?" queried the landlord.

"Why," replied Bill, "I didn't know that any one in your family could play the violin."

## He'd Made a Change.

THE colonel believed that soldiers should be bachelors; so usually he refused his men permission to marry.

One applicant looked so downcast that even the colonel's heart was touched.

"Look here, my man," he said, "come to me again in a year's time, and if you still want to be married I'll give you my consent."

The year passed. Again the private applied. The colonel was surprised.

"Well, well, I really must give you permission," he smiled. "I never expected to find such constancy in either man or woman."

The private saluted.

"Thank you, sir," he said, gratefully. "But, please, sir, it isn't the same woman!"

## Optimistic.

THE golfing novice, after missing the ball time after time and disturbing much turf, turned to his caddy and said: "I have a brother in China who plays this game awfully well."

"Well, keep right on," said the caddy, cheerfully, "you'll soon dig him up."

## Tony the Barber on Modern Dancing

BACK by da homeland, by da sunny It, we have eet ver' mooch dancing, where da wops they make da dance by using da feet, which ees not lika da same een dessa country by da presents time. Een da oldish days peoples hav' got to be cleaver wit da feet. Eef they ees punk hoopers, they ees got no partners.

Now we got to be cleaver wit da shoulders, but da feet, they make eet no differ eef you got feet or not. You can stand ver' still by one spot an' make da dance all evening time. An' da musicks we used to have eet, she ees ver' fine indeed. Everybody make da dance een my country, youngish, oldish and da middle age, also. Nowadays nobody make da dance excep' da flap an' da cake-eat. I said eet.

Evenink behin' las' my wife Mariouche, she come by da home house all tire' out. She ees spend all afternoon time by da tea dances. She is so exhaust' she can no make da sopper.

"I ees ver' weary," she say eet, as she flop by da sophia down on eet.

"What make you so tire?" I ask for inflammation.

"Da dance like they make eet now makes me tire," she say eet.

"Da dance now make everybody tire," I say, "Eet also

make me tire and I not go to eet, at all."

"Oh, you ees a ole fossil," she say eet. "You not know da war ees over yet."

"Sure you tink she ees ver' nice," I say, "but eef I treat you rough like some of them linge lousards, you would have me arres' an' getta da deevorcing. You would have me peench for salt and buttering eef I maul you 'roun' lika da cake-eat do eet. An' da music, I ask you, how you lika dat, what?"

"Da music," say Mariouche, "she ees ver' inspire to me. She ees ver' blood-moving music an' make me feel jus' lika da young chicken. I loaf sooch music ver' nice. Da blues, they ees ver' good also."

"Da blues, they give me da same," I say. "Such music like they got eet, make me ver' nervous. Een da ole days, we got it da guitars an' da other soft instruments and so forth, but what we got eet, to-day? We got eet da skillet an' da cow-bell an' da tin washing-boiler an' da whate-not. Eet make da tune lika da ole cow, she die on eet."

"Said music ees ver' intoxicates by me," say Mariouche,

"Sure dessa music ees intoxicates. Eet ees bootleg music an' not real music at all. One orchestra can play eet tree four tunes by da same time an' nobody know da differ. They got such a instrument called da Bang Joe, which ees ver' nerves-rack-ing instrument. Da Bang Joe, she ees niggerish instrument which no wop should make da dance by same."

"Da Bang Joe make da swit music to my ear," say Mariouche. "Da Bang Joe, she ees not so bashful lika da guitar or da fid. Da fid, she make me seek. She soun' lika da cats on da back fence. Da Bang Joe, she ees ver' sooth to my temper an' make nice smoothly an' restful music. I also lika da cowbell, she make me tink I am een da country by da side of da river banks."

"An' da skillets, they make me tink I have got eet nothing to eet, which ees da truth," I say eet. "When you ees by da afternoon dancing."

"I not care for da frying-pans music neither," say Mariouche. "When they play on da frying-pans, eet always make me tink

what poor feesh I marry an' eet spoil my whole afternoon."

"I am mooch oblige for da congratulations," I say. "But there ees more feesh in da sea than ees ever caught and them ones which ees still in da sea, ees ver' lucky feesh."

"Eef you get out by me an' shaka da foot once by awhile, you will get young again, joost lika dat," she say eet.

"Shake da what?" I say. "I not see nobody shake da feet in dancing nowadays."

"Sure not," she say, "you ees not looking at da feet, da reason which is why."

"Womans," I say eet. "Eef you come here by my barbering shop to make da troub, I ask you like a lady to go upstairs by da home house' and kindly shot opp an' not drive all da cus out from da barb' shop."

"Eef you go by me to da danings to-morrow evenink, I shall make eet no farther remarks howsoever," she say eet.

"Eet ees great pleasure to me," I say. "If I can use modernish danings lika da cake-eat an' treat 'em rough."

"em," she say, "You can like eet as far as you go."

"All right," I say. "But, I am not going to dance wit anybody, but you."

"Not your life on eet," she say. "Any woman which dance modern rattle wit her own husband' ees a dumbell. I dance wit strangers. They ees more politely."

"Can I not have eet one dancing wit you?" I say. "One ees all I want for one evening."

"Then I go to an ambulans in da hospital," she say. "Oh, no. I not give you no chance to be handsome young guy wit wife een da ambulans for six, seven wicks. Ees there not some other womans you got eet da grudge against?"

"No," I say. "I cannot make da dancing wit nobody but my wife. Back by da ole days, you lika to make da dancing wit me."

"Them is ancient hystericals you are pulling eet," she say. "We now are living by da twentieth century limited."

"Lots of married people dance together," I say eet. "They ees married, all right."

"Yes," she say, "but not to each other."

"Well, upstopping of de which matter eet dat I go by da dance an' I hope da guy which dance wit my wife will be dees duty, but I ees due for a sprize. Eef you can see how the wimmens maul the mens around een da dancing, you will know what these guys get from Mariouche, which has da strong arm. Da flap ees ver' pugilistic dancer nowadays, believe me. Da first guy which dance wit Mariouche get a sprain ankle an' da second one get da broken leg."

"Pretty soonly we are go een for refreshment an' I say to Mariouche: 'I moocha thank you.'"

"For which," she say.

"For because you not dance wit me," I say with wicked learning by da eye-brow.

"Well, I change my min'," she say. "I ees sorry for you. I make da nex' dancing wit' you. You ees ver' good little scout, at dat."

I say: "All right. I mif you by da palm tree in five minute. I gotta go out an' see a frien' across da street."

"Hurry back," she say eet. I did. I hurry back home. I not seen no more dance hall that evening which show what I tink about eet.

## Rural Editor's Scrap Basket

THERE might be some doubt about the pussy that little Johnny Green is reputed to have put in the well, but there sure is some nice kitty in some of these oil wells that are bairn' dug up, say we.

The Main Street bakeshop proprietor reports trade good. He says the business done in apple tarts might be called some turn-over.

Danny Green wants to know if they call the guy who runs Banker Schiff's automobile a Schiff-foller.

Socrates Truthful says you never find a hair in the butter up at Sophronia Prune's bordin' house. One reason is that you never have any butter.

Arguments of these here foreign noblemen over the dowry of the brides they are seekin' in this country remind one of that old play the "Prince and the Pea."

They haven't got the ladder leadin' to the roof garden of the Railroad Hotel completed yet, but a good many of the patrons are able to reach the roof by climbin' up the mornin' glory trellis an' after they brush the caterpillars off themselves they can make themselves pretty comfortable on the roof.

These here Englishmen come over here with their monocles make him jealous, says Elpe Snodgrass, when it is so hard in these parts to get even one glass for an eye-opener. Rights, say we.

Old J. Fluvius week-ended in our midst recently. Politically J. F. is a pronounced wet.

The stork delivered twins at Heine Blots's house C. O. O. last Wednesday. Heine says its only a couple of more Blots on his menutcheon.

Andrus Inquiries—We don't care to advise you how to remove warts from a pickle. Wait till the pickle soaks up. Maybe he won't want 'em removed.

Ned Miller is suin' a scalp specialist in the local courts for failin' to produce hair on Ned's scalp after bein' paid a liberal fee for same. Summer is the time for me' hair suits, Ned, ole timer, say we.

Constable Ketchum raided a crap shootin' back of the Main Street lunch wagon last Sunday. The constable says these here crap shootin' men never make old bones as long as he is lookin' after law an' order aroun' these parts.

## From Here and There

A Limit to His Cleverness. "WHAT'S a very knowing and smart?" said the young man to the keeper of the elephant at the circus.

"Tough" was the good response. "The performer should be able to eat."

"Does he?" inquired the young man, looking at the elephant.

"Surprised," replied the keeper. "We've taught him to eat anything he wants to."

"Sure enough the elephant took the money in his trunk and put it in a box which hung high on the wall."

"That's extraordinary," said the smart one. "Now let me see him take it out and hand it back again."

"We haven't taught him that trick yet!" retorted the keeper, blandly.

## The Reason.

SUCH was the notice hung outside a busy city warehouse.

It had not been there long before a little fellow, red-headed and freckled, calmly lifted it down, and went inside briskly.

"Did you hang this outside, sir?" he asked the manager.

"Yes!" was the stern reply.

"Why did you take it down?"

The boy looked at him for a few moments. Pity for the man's ignorance was expressed on his face.

Then he spoke, and his reply was short, but to the point.

"Why?" he said. "Why, because I'm 'im'!"